

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
And all th' vnseled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyle of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottomes haue wait o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
King. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
Aust. By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.

Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweare:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing England art so farre,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, England was *Geffreyes* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maistrest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France,*

Fra. Fro that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any beak of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and stains of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.
Fran. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper France?
Const. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.
Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begor,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy face.
Const. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Aust. What the deuill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the deuill fir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Hee smooke your skin-coat and I catch your right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that I yons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as lightly on the backe of him
As great *Aleides* shoes vpon an Ass:
But Ass, he take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deases our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Leu. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King John, this is the very summe of all:

England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraine, Maine,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as soone: I doe desie thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deare loue hee giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Const. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (*weeps.*

Qu. Mo. His mother thames him so, poore boy hee

Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles fro his poore eies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:

I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd
To doe him iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous Insurer of heauen and earth.

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurper
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him, and on't
Being but the second generation of this world,
Remoued from thy sinne conceiuing wombe!

John. Bedlam haue done, no to noisello quered boy.

Con. I haue but this to say, no to noisello quered boy.

That he is not onely plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague.

On this remoued issue, plagued for her,

And with her plague her sinne: his iniury

Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne, and sinne to her

All punish'd in the perfol of this childe, and childe

And all for her, a plague vpon her, and plague to her

Que. Then vnaduis'd foold, I can produce

A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne: *Arthur* my son

Con. I who doubts that? a Will: a wicked will, no y

A womans will, a cankred Grandams will, no y

Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate, no y

It illebecomes this presence to cry ayme! *Arthur* my son

To these ill-tuned repetitions: *Arthur* my son

Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles, and y

These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake, *Arthur* my son

Whose title they admit, *Arthur* my son, *Arthur* my son

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen vpon the walles, and y

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?

Fra. 'Tis France, for England, *Arthur* my son

John. England for it selfe: *Arthur* my son

You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects, *Arthur* my son

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthur* my son

Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle: *Arthur* my son

John. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first: *Arthur* my son

These flagges of France that are aduanced heere, *Arthur* my son

Before the eye and prospect of your Towne, *Arthur* my son

Haue hither march'd to your endamagement: *Arthur* my son

The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath, *Arthur* my son

And ready mounted are they to spit forth, *Arthur* my son

Their Iron indignation against your walles: *Arthur* my son

All preparation for a bloody siege, *Arthur* my son

And merciles proceeding, by these French, *Arthur* my son

Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates: *Arthur* my son

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones, *Arthur* my son

That as a waste doth girdle you about, *Arthur* my son

By the compulsion of their Ordinance, *Arthur* my son

By this time from their fixed beds of lime, *Arthur* my son

Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made, *Arthur* my son

For bloody power to rush vpon your peace: *Arthur* my son

But on the sight of vs your lawfull King, *Arthur* my son

Who painefully with much expedient march, *Arthur* my son

Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates, *Arthur* my son

To saue vnscatch'd your Citties threatned cheekes: *Arthur* my son

Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle, *Arthur* my son

And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire, *Arthur* my son

To make a shaking feuer in your walles, *Arthur* my son

They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoke, *Arthur* my son

To make a faithlesse error in your eares, *Arthur* my son

Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens, *Arthur* my son

And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits, *Arthur* my son

Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede, *Arthur* my son

Craues harbourage within your Citie walles, *Arthur* my son

France. When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.

Loe in this right hand, whose protection, *Arthur* my son

Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right hand, *Arthur* my son

Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*, *Arthur* my son

Sonne to the elder brother of this man, *Arthur* my son

And King of this

For this downe

In warlike mare

Being no further

Then the confes

In the reliefe of

Religiously prot

To pay that dut

To him that our

And then our Ar

Sauce in aspect, h

Our Cannons m

Against th' inuol

And with a bless

With vncheck'd

We will beare h

Which heere we

And leaue your c

But if you fondly

'Tis not the roun

Can hide you fro

Though all these

Were harbour'd

Then tell vs, Sha

In that behalfe

Or shall we giue

And stalle in blo

Cit. In briefe

For him, and in

John. Ackno

Cit. That ea

To him will we

Haue we ramme

John. Doth

King?

And if not that,

Twice fifteen th

Bast. Bastar

John. To ver

Fra. As ma

Bast. Some

Fra. Standi

Cit. Till you

We for the wor

John. Then

That to their ea

Before the dew

In dreadfull tria

Fra. Amen

Bast. Saint

And ere since fir

Teach vs some f

At your den fir

I would set an

And make a mo

Aust. Peace

Bast. O trea

John. Vp hig

In best appoint

Bast. Speed

Fra. It shall

Command the r

Here after

To Her. You

And let yong A